

THE WASHINGTON TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID
 MORNING EDITION, one year, \$5; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.25.
 Evening and Sunday, one year, \$3; six months, \$1.50; three months, \$0.75.
 Sunday edition only, one year, \$2; six months, \$1; three months, 50 cents.

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THE SUMMER GIRL.

While the minor poets of the evanescent brotherhood seem to have exhausted their stock of metaphor and meter in praise of the summer girl during the past few seasons, that dainty creature flourishes despite the lack of a legion of laureates.

The evolution of the summer girl has been rapid and remarkable. In her most attractive guise, she is no longer the fluffy, languorous creature of yore. Golf, tennis, automobiling, riding, canoeing, and an almost innumerable variety of physical diversions have enhanced her color and filled her with new vim.

The nowadays summer girl is no mere spectator of those sports which are the upholders of lungs and muscle. She has become an expert in the games that are conducive to the health of mind and body, the legacy of which is that surplus vitality which enables one to withstand the ravages of the indoor season.

It is an excellent thing to encourage the American girl to become athletic. The old-fogy notion that exercise was not to be thought of for the gentler sex has died the death of many other erroneous opinions, and it is to be hoped that it will remain moribund.

While it has become the fashion in certain quarters to paint the summer girl as a frivolous being, merely flirtatious and wasteful of her time, the level-headed observer realizes that during the heated term she is drinking the pure air and toning up her physical being, all of which will make her a better woman in every way.

CANINE HEROES.

Anyone who has looked into the expressive eyes of a good dog can readily believe the stories of canine heroism printed on another page. While the average dog leads a lazy life, the champion of this intelligent animal will contend that, were he called upon to be useful, he would respond readily in the emergency.

Of course, there are some dogs that are not worth their weight in sand; the same may be said of the genus homo. Then there are canines worth their weight in the most precious of metals. Witness the shaggy specimen in Erie, Pa., which saved a family of nine persons from cremation in their home, and at the risk of his life. This faithful animal is only one of the many that have proved their worth by devotion to their masters.

Some dogs can be trained to perform feats that men would find it difficult to duplicate. The frequent exhibitions of canine troupes have proved that these animals either have more intelligence or a better disposition to accomplish something than certain members of the human family.

The trained dog is a living lesson to everybody. His cleverness is an illustration of what patience will do. It is proof that everything in this world can be put to profitable service, if mankind exerts sufficient energy and ingenuity.

VICTOR HUGO'S FAITH.

At a dinner given to Victor Hugo in Paris some years ago, says "L'Univers," he delivered an impromptu address, in which he gave expression to his faith in the infinite and in the soul's immortality. His friend, Housaye, who was present, says:

"Hugo at that time was a man of steel, with no sign of old age about him, but with all the agility, suppleness, the ease and grace of his best years." He was contradicting the atheists, and his friend says "his face was bright with the heavenly halo and his eyes shone like burning coals."

"There are no occult forces," he said; "there are only luminous forces. Occult force is chaos; the luminous force is God. Man is an infinite little copy of God; this is glory enough for man. I am a man, an invisible atom, a drop in the ocean, a grain of sand on the shore. Little as I am, I feel the God in me, because I can also bring forth out of my chaos. I make books, which are creations; I feel in myself that future life; I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever."

"I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. There I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years ago. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me."

"It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is historic. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song. I have tried all, but I feel I have not said a thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn."

CURRENT PRESS COMMENT.

Call for a New Organization.

Indianapolis News—Hardly has that Evanston anti-kissing society got fairly started before Hobson comes to the front again by rescuing a drowning girl.

Free to Run In Debt.

New York Evening Telegram—The Cubans are discussing a loan. Now we know they are free.

Nor Do They Kick It.

Montgomery Advertiser—"The Commemorative" declares that "the Kansas City platform is not a thing to run from." Certainly it isn't. Brave men do not run from a corpse.

For a Kilkenny Cat Fight.

Milwaukee Sentinel—Gerzonimo wants to hunt down Tracy, and it might be a good way to dispose of the pair of them to let him try it.

Can't Lose Him.

Cincinnati Enquirer—It is understood that all schemes for bringing Cuba into the fold of the Union include the annexation of General Gomez, though he will be something in the nature of a luxury.

Kipling's Revenge.

Boston Transcript—Mr. Kipling is revenging himself for the failure of the rulers to make him poet laureate by leaving the field to the unrelieved chatter of the man who received the appointment.

Large Desires on Small Pay.

Pittsburgh Dispatch—The fact that that New York bank teller who appropriated \$40,000 of the institution's cash was receiving \$18 a week for his services may not excuse his act, but perhaps will go some way toward explaining it.

IN BROKEN METER.

By J. OLIVER

How long, O Lord! how long? I am weary waiting,

The days drag out their slow, dull length,

My heart is aching,

A slow, shamed pain that scarce will own its being,

A woman's burden,

A half-formed hope that to despair has given true love

Its guerdon.

He loved me, loved me, loved me—

Long and truly and dearly,

And I, I was long in caring, but I could not see it clearly.

I was blind, blind, I trifled with love,

His love, so strong, so patient, so tender,

I did not know that that could fail,

That his love to his pride would surrender.

His pride, did I say? Nay, his self-respect,

His manhood, the duty he owed it;

I was proud and hard—he humbled himself, I scorned with light laughter

his humbling.

He went from me then—Dear Father of love; will I ever forget that

going?

Will I ever forget the dear gray eyes, so wounded, so steady, so tender;

No anger was there, no thought of reproach, only a slow, griefed wonder.

"You have failed me," they said, "I had thought you true,

Can truth in the world be found?

Will all prove false as it nears my hand?

Can nowhere my trust be placed?"

I could have knelt in the dust at his feet, so humbled, so shamed, so

abashed.

But pride came to me then—poor pitiful pride,

And whispered, "His be the suing;

Man prizes but lightly a gift lightly won,

A love that is easy of wooing."

I wavered and doubted, one touch of his hand

Would have settled my doubt forever,

But he did not know, he could not see,

And now he shall know, ah, never!

My courage was gone, no word could I say, alas! for his shattered faith,

"I will ask you no more," he said: I saw my folly too late.

Is it too late, my Father? Have I sinned past forgiving?

Have I hung from me with hands unknowing,

Life's richest blessing?

Is the cool, calm look in his eyes all that will ever meet me?

Are the cold, kind words he gives me all that will ever greet me?

How can you know that I love you, dear, when I only show you my pride?

How do I know that you have not changed, that your love, with the years, has not died?

Ah, me! for the pain of the world,

The pain that is hard and human;

Ah, me! for the words of the world—they cut,

And I am only a woman.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

By Rev. J. S. WASHBURN, Pastor Seventh Day Adventist Church.

A restless longing for change, increase in knowledge, the multiplicity of inventions, the heaping up of riches, combinations of capital to crush competition, widespread dissemination of the military spirit, the fierce intensity of business, spiritual apathy, and dead formalism in the church, are omens of the approach of the greatest revolution the world has ever known. The statesman must see and feel, and tremble when he realizes that the entire world is in a condition of unrest very similar to that which existed in France before the great political, social, and moral upheaval of a hundred years ago.

The Bible teaches clearly the nature of the mighty change about to come upon the earth and its inhabitants. Infinite wisdom has proclaimed in no uncertain tones that Christ is coming. The rightful king is about to appear in awful glory to destroy sin and to gather his loyal subjects about his throne, to live and reign with him eternally.

The prophet Daniel declared that "in the time of the end many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." All who read and know the facts will acknowledge this to be true of this age. Then we are in the time of the end. Of the day and the hour no man may know, but we can be certain that the great and terrible event is near, "even at the door." The prophecy of Daniel epitomizes the history of the world in advance in so simple and clear a manner that there can be no misunderstanding. There have been four universal empires—Babylon, Medo-Persia, Macedonia, and Rome. These are pictured in the strange dream of Nebuchadnezzar, as the head of gold, breast and arms of silver, sides of brass, legs of iron, and feet of iron and part of clay.

The next great event spoken of in the Scripture is the smiting of the kingdoms of the world, their destruction and the setting up of the kingdom of God on earth. Through the ages we are brought to the appearing and kingdom of Christ. The days of Babylon, Medo-Persia, Macedonia, and Rome in its iron might, are past and we are living in the days when the divisions of Rome, the European kingdoms, are partly strong and partly broken, when kings, in the words of the prophet, are "mangling themselves with the seed of men" and are bending together against the deluge and tornado of strife that shall destroy civilization and usher in the kingdom of Christ that shall stand forever.

Christ declared that when the Gospel of that kingdom should be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations, then the end should come. The world is open to the Gospel as never before. This is itself a sign of the coming of the king, whose Gospel may now be preached to every nation under heaven. Yet the church is asleep as never before. Never was there such form of godliness without the power of it. Never was religion simply a matter of convenience, of outward performance, and so little a matter of life as today. This is the very condition the Scriptures tell us would be one of the signs of the last days. The epistle of James and the prophecy of Isaiah speak of the enormous wealth of the last days, of the hire of laborers kept back by fraud, of the combinations of capital, and the terrible ruin which should follow these conditions. Men are bonding together for mutual defense against the overflowing volcano of ruin which the Scriptures tell us must follow these things.

No one can know the exact time of the end of the world, but that it is soon coming the wise and diligent student of the Scriptures cannot doubt.

Christ's Age and Beard.

Your correspondent called upon the academician, M. de Mely, to inquire about his late sensational lecture before the Belles Lettres Society, says the Paris representative of the "London Telegraph." De Mely showed your correspondent illustrations of pictorial and sculptural portraits of Christ, dating from the time of his death to A. D. 325, all of which show Christ without a beard. The beard was added only in pictures and statues of a later date. De Mely further showed your correspondent the description of some early frescoes recently discovered in Banis, upper Egypt, in which Christ is represented as beardless. "This indorses the belief," said the academician, "that Christ was probably crucified at an earlier age than generally accepted. I believe the council of Tours was right in the surmise (not a dogma) that Christ was no more than twenty-one years old at the time of his death. This would explain away his alleged ten years' absence from Palestine, that has puzzled Biblical scholars so long."

FACE PAINTING.

Face painting is believed to have been in vogue 4000 B. C., for we are told that in the tombs of women belonging to the oldest Chaldean civilization lumps of black coloring stuff, which served to paint the eyebrows, were found. The Bible makes several allusions to the use of cosmetics among the women folk. We read of painted Jabez looking out at a window on the arrival of Jehu at Jezreel; and Jeremiah, in reproving the young Jewesses, says: "In vain you paint the circle of your eyes with antimony. Your lovers will despise you." We are reminded, too, by a modern writer that "the author of the Book of Enoch assures us that even before the deluge the angel Azazel had taught the daughters of men the art of painting the face." The Biblical allusions to the vanities of women suggest that the modern love of the rouge pot is too deep-rooted to be easily overcome, and may, in fact, be regarded as an inheritance from some of the earliest peoples.—The London Dressing Table.

By Being Soundly Thrashed.

Baltimore Herald—By the next Fourth of July the Moros will probably be in position to realize the blessings of amenity.

NEW CONSTELLATION FOR "OLD GLORY"

MR. SHAFROTH'S PLAN TO REARRANGE THE STARS.

By REPRESENTATIVE JOHN F. SHAFROTH, of Colorado

"Who of us can go out and, pointing to our nation's banner floating in the breeze, and to one particular star in it, say, That is my star, that star represents my State; that is the star that stands for me?"

"At present the stars are grouped together in a meaningless constellation without regard to any political astronomy. According to my plan, each star would be recognized as representing its individual State."

We all love the flag of our country and feel it belongs to us, and we belong to it. We know that there are as many stars in the "Union" as there are States in our country, and that whenever a new State is added to the United States a new star is added to the flag.

But who of us can go out and, pointing to our nation's banner floating in the breeze, and to one particular star in it say, That is my star, that star represents my State; "that is the star that stands for me?"

That is what I aim to do for my countrymen in my suggested rearrangement of the stars in the field of our flag. Thus, all the sentiment which has been attached to freedom's banner will be preserved, and to it will be added a significance that will appeal directly to every one of us.

At present the stars are grouped together in a meaningless constellation without regard to any political astronomy. According to my plan, which I have worked out after much care and study, each star would be so placed that it would be designated and known and recognized as representing its individual State.

To accomplish this result the field, or Union, should be one-third the total fly length of the flag. In this field I should place in the form of a circle, thirteen stars, representing the thirteen original States.

Inasmuch as we owe our existence as a nation to the valor, the achievements, the statesmanship of the men of the original thirteen States, I believe that in recognition of this obligation the stars representing these States should be one-eighth larger than the others.

Within this circle of thirteen there should be thirty smaller stars arranged in shape of a five-point-

ed star, with four stars to each arm. These thirty stars would represent the first thirty States admitted to the Union.

The two additional stars, representing Wyoming and Utah, to complete the forty-five, I should place temporarily on a straight line, one on each side of the center of the interior star.

I should designate the stars of these original thirteen States in the following manner: Starting with the first star in the outer circle, to the right of the apex of the interior star, for Delaware, the first State to ratify the Constitution, and proceeding to the right around the circle the stars would represent their respective States in the following order, according to their dates of ratification: Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Maryland, South Carolina, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York, North Carolina, and Rhode Island.

The representative stars of the first thirty States admitted to the Union would be designated by giving the apex star in the interior star to Vermont, the first State to come in, and then proceeding to the right down the arms, the succeeding stars representing the various States in order of their admission to the Union—the last two to be admitted, Wyoming and Utah, to be designated from left to right.

Upon the admission of an additional State it could form a triangle with Wyoming and Utah. The admission of another star would turn the triangle into a square, and so on according to a complete plan which I have worked out and incorporated in the bill which I have introduced in Congress, and which is now in the hands of the Judiciary Committee.

The design, as a whole, is intended to express symbolism: From thirteen commonwealths, one nation.

THE WOES OF A HERO

By L. L.

New perils have been added to heroism by the action of a St. Louis damsel. She has established an embarrassing precedent, and the victim of the precedent was, sad to relate, Capt. Richmond P. Hobson. One would think that starting one new fashion in heroism would be enough for Captain Hobson without having to be responsible for a whole train of them. But in this case it was really not the captain's fault; it was the girl's. All that the captain did was to go in swimming for fun, and he will probably be very careful about even that in future.

He was swimming in the Mississippi River, and there was a yacht in the neighborhood. On board the yacht was the girl in the case. She called to him from the deck to ask whether he would rescue her should she fall overboard. As a navy officer and a Southern gentleman Captain Hobson could do no less than reply in the affirmative. The next thing he knew the maiden had tumbled herself over the side and was struggling with an uncommonly strong current. Clearly, Captain Hobson could do no less than save her life as per agreement.

It was fortunate that another man beside the hero of the Merrimac was swimming near by and lent his aid, or the situation might have become even more serious than it was, for the girl was weighted by her clothes, the tides of the Mississippi are not arranged with a view to making it easy for would-be heroes, and the whole business was most unpleasant and wet. When they finally were dragged aboard a boat the young woman had fainted, and Captain Hobson was badly used up.

Now, the question is, will this incident be followed by others of a similar nature? Is it going to be necessary for heroes to hop into dangerous river currents at a moment's notice to save contiguously young women who may happen to throw themselves in? Cannot a hero go swimming in a natural way without romantic adjuncts to his amusement, and the danger of catching pneumonia? Has General Funston got to fight shy of rivers for the rest of his natural life, for fear some adventurous girl will throw herself in and expect to be pulled out? Life will assume a serious aspect for heroes, especially those of the aquatic variety, if this is the case.

It will be worse for the married hero than for the bachelor, since the wife of such a celebrity will justly consider that she has done enough in giving him to the service of his country, without also devoting him to the whims of foolhardy girls. The dousing which he may get in the river will be nothing to the wet-blanketing which his behavior will encounter at home.

Altogether, if the action of this St. Louis maiden is to establish a precedent, one would rather not be a hero so long as the fashion lasts.

YOUTH.

By MONTGOMERY.

Into my heart there steals a song,
 From whence it comes I fain would know.
 Softly and low with soulful tune,
 It seems to haunt me now.
 Into my heart there steals a song,
 Echoing soft in the twilight's glow;
 Where does it come from, shall I learn soon;
 How shall I tell, ah, how?

Teach me your song, singer so fair,
 Does it tell of love or the heart's keen pain,
 Shall the song soon cease or still run on,
 Growing more fair as the days grow long?
 Teach me your song, singer so fair,
 Tell me its story, is it "hope in vain?"
 Shadowing cares shall be scattered and gone
 If your answer comes, "Tis a lover's song."

OLD AGE.

Can it be jest that thieving Time
 Has stolen all our golden years,
 Leaving but few to keep us here
 Ere Death shall claim his share?
 From out our treasure store has Time
 Taken our gold and left us tears?
 We ask in trembling and in fear
 Is there not one to spare?
 Can it be true that in his glass
 The sands that run for you and me
 Are speeding to the end;
 Shall we be called or will he pass
 And, swift of flight and winging free,
 Seek toll of other men?

We ask not back the stolen past;
 Perhaps 'tis best that it should be,
 For each such poverty must know
 And each in turn must bear.
 Lightly we held them and swiftly they passed,
 Into the future we could not see.
 If all the sands have ceased to flow,
 The days are just as fair.
 With childish dreams of days to come,
 Deceptive hope makes plans anew,
 Reckoning not with Fate.
 Blindly we speed along Life's way,
 Heeding no dangers, fearing no ill,
 Till the cry rings out "Too late."

We ask not back the hours of pain,
 Nor yet the laughter of our youth,
 It is too late to care.
 Reverse the glass, the sands are out,
 The keen blade cuts the bending grain,
 The fields lie bleak and bare.

Where Prayer Never Ceases.

There is one spot in the United States where the voice of prayer is never still, says the "Methodist Magazine." For more than twenty months the "turret of prayer" that surrounds the Temple of Truth, near Lisbon Falls, Me., has never for an instant been without the sound of a human voice in supplication. It is the intention of the people who attend to this remarkable form of worship that prayer in the turret shall never cease so long as the building shall stand. Those who take part in the service compose the Holy

Ghost and Us Society. The society affiliates with no denomination and tries to conform strictly to the teachings of the Bible. Starting without a penny, it has in a few years achieved such success that it has built four buildings, the Temple of Truth among them, which form a rectangle capable of seating 20,000 people.

Marse Henry's Hot Box.

Cleveland Plain Dealer—Nothing makes Henry Watterson quite so hot as the Grover Cleveland wave. He is on his way across the continent and can be relied upon to drop anti-Cleveland hot cinders all the way.